Nomen and full heading:

Astra and Tempus decide that to stop Dis, they should head to pivotal moments in Roman history – starting with the earliest legends of its heroes.

**Derivative Story**

“I’ve always wanted to see the battle between the Horatii and the Curatii!” Astra exclaimed. “We can amble through history from there. It seems like a good starting point.”

“Okay,” Tempus agreed. “I have a premonition that Dis may be all over these especially important events trying to change the universe. But I don’t know this story very well. Can you elaborate?”

“Of course! It’s one of my favorites!” Astra proclaimed with vivacity. “It was during the reign of the third king of Rome – Tullus Hostilius. He was particularly pugnacious and liked to start wars with the surrounding neighbors. He claimed that some errant peasants from the neighboring city of Alba Longa had wandered onto Roman territory and taken some stuff.”

“That was his reason for starting a whole war? No wonder he was called HOSTILIUS – get it?”

Astra shook her head and even Fidelis let out a little whimper. “Anyway, the leader of the Albans, Mettius Fufetius, thought the idea of so much bloodshed was repugnant.

“Wait – Mettius Fufetius? That was his name?”

“Indeed,” Astra nodded and then relaunched into her story, ignoring her friend’s giggles. “Mettius Fufetius – ahem - suggested they revise the plan to conserve lives by just having a small group of soldiers battle it out and whoever was victorious would win the whole war.”

“That sounds very reasonable from someone with such an unreasonable name.”

“Indeed. It just so happened that each side had a set of brothers that were fraternal triplets. The Horatii were the Roman brothers, and the Curiatii were the Alban brothers. The battle between them would determine the fate of the early Roman city.”

“So who won?!”

“Let’s go and you can see for yourself.”

Tempus held out his wrist and set his watch for reign of Tullus Hostilius around 660 BC. Astra scooped up Fido and grasped his hand.

ZAP!

A few seconds later, they were in a field surrounded by soldiers on each side. They were preparing to go and watch the epic battle between the brothers. Some had already gathered on edges of the field and there was a great clamor as they cheered for their champions or impugned the enemy. Both groups of brothers, meanwhile, were laboring to get ready, putting on uniform sets of light armor.

“Astra, look!” Tempus pointed to the Curiatii. Just to the side, almost beyond visibility, one could see a man in an all-too familiar cloak, polishing their swords for them.

“Tempus – you don’t think – I mean, could Dis be putting some sort of poison on their weapons? Or making them invincible? Can he even do that?”

“I’m as amateur at this as you are, but it looks like poison to me.”

Astra frowned as Tempus continued to monitor the situation. “I have an idea! We’ll need to collaborate with the Horatii. Quickly, Tempus! Follow me.” They raced through the crowds with Fido yapping at their heels.

The Horatii brothers were more than a little surprised to see such a young girl near the battlefields, but they were willing to listen when she told them she had the key to their survival. She explained her plan. Luckily, they did have an extra set of their soldier uniforms, and when Astra put it all on, from a distance, it would be hard to tell the difference between her and these fierce Roman heroes.

“Bonam fortunam!” she called to the brothers as they set out towards the battlefield and she turned to get ready for her part. “Tempus, your timing has to be perfect or this could all have a very tragic ending.”

“Don’t worry – timing happens to be my thing.”

“Great. We’ll be waiting. I’m going to keep Fido with me to spare him from your jokes,” she teased as she clumsily scooped Fido up with one hand and donned a Roman shield with the other.

Meanwhile, all eyes were on the warriors of the battlefield. The fight began. Movements were quick and fierce. It seemed the world was holding its breath as the swords rang thunderously meeting steel against steel. Suddenly one of the Horatii brothers cried out and his attack became erratic. He stumbled and did not get up. The remaining Romans were determined but outnumbered, and soon another fell to the ground. One Roman faced the three Curiatii brothers. All eyes were on him as he turned to flee in what seemed a desperate attempt of survival.

Tempus might as well have been invisible as he flashed into the field to retrieve the brothers’ bodies. Immediately afterwards, a figure of a Horatii warrior appeared in the distance, taunting the Curiatii brothers in their pursuit of the last Roman. The Curiatii brothers paused in confusion. They looked to where their enemies had fallen, but could not find any evidence of the bodies, so they assumed the Horatii had revived. Two of the Alban brothers turned towards this new threat while one continued to chase the last of the Horatii.

His name was Publius Horatius. With the brothers separated, he turned back to face his pursuer with a vivacious attack. The other Curiatii were too late in realizing their error – they had rushed towards the figure only to find a young girl in Roman armor who disappeared with a snap. Slowed by wounds and fatigue, the Curiatii were separated and faced Publius Horatius one by one only to be defeated with ease.

The battle was over and the Roman brother was the victor. Amity was declared between Rome and Alba Longa, and Mettius Fufetius surrendered to the Roman king.

**Exercise: Derivatives Hunt**

In this story, there are 33 derivatives from some of the words in our Chapter Three vocabulary list. How many can you find? Try to find at least ten and fill in the chart to identify the derivative, the Latin root, and the meaning of the Latin root. The first has been done for you.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| **English Derivative** | **Latin root and meaning of root** |
| e.g. exclaimed | clamare = to shout |
| 1. |  |
| 2. |  |
| 3. |  |
| 4. |  |
| 5. |  |
| 6. |  |
| 7. |  |
| 8. |  |
| 9. |  |
| 10. |  |